(No. IX.)

THE PASTIME.

Schenectady, Saturday, May 23, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

SOCIAL PLEASURES.

Wise and full of force is the remark, that man seems never to have been formed to live alone. Philosophers, in the cabinet and rostrum, have expatiated on the few gratifications, and the many miseries he feels as an isolated being—and, on the contrary, have held up the picture of his multiplied sources of enjoyment in the social sphere, the sweet pleasure of pouring on the confidential ear of friendship the joys of life, and imparting the happiness he feels, or participating that of another: Or, in affliction's trying hour, to hear the kind voice of condolence, and receive, or give, the briny token of sensibility. They have pictured the raptures of the lover, and pure, filial, and parental delight—the unalloyed bliss of relieving the wretched—the irresistable voice of fame, and the sensations arising from the godlike deed of raising the oppressed, and trampling on oppression—till allured by the magic colouring, the beholder becomes, at least in imagination, a Hero, Patriot, and Philanthropist. Surely, we exclaim, we are destined for a nobler purpose than just "to draw nutrition, propagate, and rot." The Creator emplanted in our nature the daring seeds of ambition, with a gust for social pleasures, and made our form the type of inward nobleness.

Os homini sublime dedit
Columque tueri jussit.

For the Pastime.

SELF GOVERNMENT.

What is there in the bosom which leads us wrong directly in opposition to the suggestions of our reason? We know the right path, and wish secretly to pursue it, but are misguided and stray. We are early apprised of the wrong—condemn, and resolve to avoid it, but the first temptation seduces us away, and leads us, like the deluded traveller who pursues the *ignis fatuus*, over bogs and briars, to some dangerous pitfall, or to the edge of a terrible and destructive precipice. The delusive meteor which sports with man in the journey of life, is his vicious affections. He wanders thro' wilds wherever they lead, and tho' bleeding every

moment afresh from the wounds of the thorny way, still goes on, impelled, as it were, by irresistable necessity.

But, however far we may have strayed from the right path, it is never wholly out of our power to regain it. Painful indeed, the effort to return—and toilsome the exertion to re-ascend the hill of virtue—but we have always this to stimulate our courage, that of the two ways, the right one is certainly the best and most pleasant, for it leads to happiness. But even re-established in virtue, we are still in danger, and still must we be active and vigilant. We are in life as the Waterman, rowing against the stream, and we surely go down, if we relax our oars. Never can we be secure from even immediate harm, until we have acquired over ourselves a perfect command. On the one hand, we shall be tempted by appetites, desires, and the dazzling phantoms of a wild imagination; on the other, we shall be driven from our way by the goadings of discontent, or hurried into error by the violence of passion. Never can we hope for security, until we have so completely subdued the propensities of the heart, that we can silence every commotion of the bosom by the first attempt, and guide the mind to any subject at the first call of prudence. When by a single whisper of reason we can in a moment quell the refractory passions of the heart, then, and not till then, shall we be able to judge of every thing in life, with all the accuracy of right—our bosom will then be tranquil, whatever may befall us; neither unlooked for good, will raise in it the tumult of joy, nor unexpected evil disturb it with ungovernable sorrow. Like beings of a more exalted, a purer nature, we can look on the one with generous indifference, and smile on the other with unruffled serenity.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

[We re-publish the following moderate, and elegantly written, Statement of Facts, by the Students of Harvard College, because we consider their conduct to have been misrepresented, and their proceedings to have been too rashly stigmatised. WE BOLDLY ADVOCATE THE UPRIGHTNESS OF THEIR PROCEEDING. And, much as we respect a rational restraint, earnestly as we contend for a firmness of discipline, we cannot but think that the worthy, and eminent directors of the College, too severely construed the steps first taken by the students:—We cannot but think that conciliatory measures might have been adopted, with a due regard to the feelings of the young gentlemen, and a proper respect for the constituted authorities of the venerable institution.]

As we, the Students of Harvard University, are about to dissolve the ties which have hitherto bound us to that institution, we think that a decent regard for the opinion of the public, and especially for those who are more deeply and more dearly interested, requires that we should give a fair and impartial statement of the causes which have brought us to this our present, impor-

Harvard University.

tant and unusual resolution. We sensibly feel the powerful, the pressing embarrassments, which we are forced to encounter, by opposing embodied authority, and the united influence of a great and venerable institution. We clearly foresee from our age, from our situation, and from the very nature of things, that the presumption of the public will be strongly against us. The authority of great names ever has given, ever will give, and ever ought to give, a marked direction to the growing tide of public opinion. To that authority we have neither name nor influence to oppose. We shall give a clear and unvarnished statement of facts; and then appeal for a cool and impartial decision, to the understanding of the public.

The history of the case is simply this: On the 20th March a decorous and respectful petition was presented to the Hon. Corporation, by a committee from the several classes. In this petition a true and faithful picture of the deplorable state of commons was drawn with the minutest accuracy, but with the utmost respect for the Hon. body to which it was presented. The several articles of commons, which were deemed faulty from their intrinsic and essential qualities, together with the uncleanliness and filth of the cooks, were detailed at length. This petition lay upon the table, or in the hands of the Corporation, ten days, without any notice being taken thereon, to the knowledge of the Students. During the whole of this period, the commons became still more and more offensive and disgusting. On Monday morning, ten days after the petition had been presented, the Students resolved, that if the commons were not better at noon than they had been, they would immediately retire from the hall. The noon came, and with it the commons of a still more offensive and nauseous character than before. The Students then retired from the hall in a peaceable, sober and orderly manner. This fact is not denied. The vileness of the food is attested by the conduct of one of the Tutors, who called the head cook from the kitchen, reprimanded him in a severe manner, and asked him, "Why he dared to send such meat as that into the hall." It was black, nauseous and intolerable. For the offence of retiring peaceably from the hall, where they found nothing, but to nauseate the stomach, an offence committed every week, and usually punished by the small fine of fifty or one hundred cents, they are now called upon to make an humiliating atonement, by casting their characters at the feet of authority.

> "The very head and front of their offending
> "Hath this extent, no more."

For this inexpiable crime, they are now required to make a confession of the following import: That they have behaved in an improper manner; that they sincerely regret it, and that they never will behave in like manner in future. All who do not com-

ply with this requisition are denounced as rebels, and driven from the University. It may be remembered that the only offence for which such a confession is demanded, was that of retiring from the hall. *This is acknowledged by the Government.* The conduct of the whole body of the Students must not be confounded with the particular acts of any individual. There are, have been, and always will be among the Students, as in all bodies of considerable number, some who delight in mischief, anarchy, and confusion. But because one man commits a crime in a community of which he is a member, shall the whole community be charged in the indictment? There are, undoubtedly, some Students who delight to raise a storm, and then sit and enjoy the uproar; but contempt is inseparably connected with their names. For the conduct of these few outcasts, shall two hundred respectable characters be comprised in a general proscription? Is this law? Is this justice? We trust no one will think it.

We do most solemnly, and earnestly protest against any suspicion or imputation of a seditious and rebellious disposition. We deprecate such intention from the bottom of our hearts. It was not our wish, or hope, or expectation, in any respect, either directly or indirectly, to weaken or loosen in the smallest degree, the strong and salutary restraints of constituted authority. We know that laws, clear, definite, respected and unimpaired, are living nerves and binding ligaments of society. They are the bright and standing guides, which direct to virtue, to honour, to harmony, and to prosperity. With them before us, we can never go wrong; without them we can rarely go right. We put our finger upon the clue and are led through the labyrinth. With them society is harmony; without them it is confusion. We are also convinced that those who are appointed to the high function of their administration, should be regarded as the sacred shrines, in which are reposed the covenants of our common security and welfare. But it also becomes those, on their part, to whom this high trust is committed, who are invested with the holy robes of authority, to be awfully anxious, lest they tarnish their robes, lest they stain their garments by a cruel and unfeeling exercise of their power. They should remember that it is possible to kill the spirit by too rigourous an adherence to the letter of the law. They should recollect that they have in their keeping, the fortunes, the feelings, the characters, and the well-being of their fellow creatures; that the subjects, on which they operate, are not wood, or rocks, or water, for the purposes of experiment, but flesh and blood, and the living and fiery springs of an immortal nature; that there is a point of submission beyond which no man can pass without ceasing to be a man; that "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding;" that this spirit cannot be debased; that it abhors disgrace, and is the

self-spring of a good name. It cannot be described, for it baffles the power of description. It shews its nature when it is called into action. When this spirit is dead, character drops to the ground.

While we look with reverence and respect upon those who are crowned with authority, we are still not unmindful of the purposes for which we came to this institution. We placed our names upon its book, because we believed it "was good for us to be here." We did expect that we had entered the family of our fathers, who would treat us with the affection and cordiality of kindred. We did expect they would join and assist us; that they would arm and equip us for the arduous and perilous conflicts which are to be encountered upon the great theatre of the world. But we remembered, that, while we had an education to gain, we had a character to loose. When the incredible demand was made, we consulted that character, and formed our decision. We thought that infamy was not a passport to honour, that degradation was not the road to renown. We deprecate the influence of authority, and ask for an unbiassed mind to the naked statement of facts. We ask a *full* and *perfect* credence to that statement, *for that statement is truth.* Every fact given can be ratified by oath.

[Here follows the names of 147 Students of the different classes.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF DERMODY.

(Continued.)

His condition now became insupportable; and he reflected on it with a poignancy which, but from a sudden and unexpected relief, must inevitably have brought him to a speedy dissolution. Convinced that he partly merited this reverse of fortune, he formed a resolution to submit to it with some degree of fortitude. He accordingly confined himself for several days in a wretched garret, without receiving the least nourishment; and provided with no other accommodation than a miserable pallet of straw, and a tattered blanket, which he frequently used as a curtain to shelter him from the wind and rain that assailed him through the crevices of a latticed roof. From this state of despondency, however, he was raised by the benevolence of the late lord-chief-justice Kilwarden, then attorney-general for Ireland, (the nobleman who was lately so inhumanly murdered by a party of the Irish insurgents.)

The attorney-general, being informed by his book-seller that a panegyric, possessing many poetical beauties, had been addressed to him, had the curiosity to make some enquiries relative to the author. The book-seller conceiving this a favourable opportunity to assist him, recommended him with all the ardour of humanity, as an object worthy of protection. The case of Dermody immediately became the particular care of this amiable nobleman. He did not wait for the cold forms of ceremonious introduction; but with the enthusiastic glow of true benevolence, entered the habitation of misery, to give comfort and relief to the suffering object of his enquiries.

This introduction was as extraordinary and unexpected as it was pleasing to Dermody. It was his custom when adverse circumstances obliged him to remain any considerable time in his forlorn dwelling, to read away the

morning in bed. Some favourite author was then generally his companion till noon; when he rose, and employed the remainder of his time in the society of the muses. It is true they would sometimes delight him through the tedious day; but, like false, unfeeling friends, they forsook him at the approach of distress. Night came, and with it hunger and reflection. It may easily be supposed what where his feelings under such accumulated calamities; the perplexities of a disquieted mind, the NEAR prospect of famine, and the DISTANT one of relief, made the hours allotted for repose uneasy and intolerable.—Such was his situation when he was surprised by the unexpected visit of the attorney-general. He had risen from his truckle bed; and was in the act of decorating himself, not with the gaudy and fashionable habiliments of the day, but with the ancient and threadbare garments of decayed taste; his waist and limbs incommodiously covered with solemn black, the colour and emblem of his fortune, and his arms and body parsimoniously clad with green:—when a chariot stopped at the door, attended by a servant in livery, who vociferously demanded entrance. The honest people of the house, unused to such alarms, had not at first sufficient courage to open the door, and answer the interrogatories that were put to them. The attorney-general, impatient to behold him whom he sought, quitted his carriage, and ascended directly to the attic retirement of Dermody. It is needless to say that he had the sensibility to feel and relieve his distresses: he heard his story; and being convinced that he possessed the modest simplicity of true genius, insisted upon his going in the carriage to dine with him. This proffered honour Dermody conceived a worse evil than even his afflicting solitude and poverty: he paused, hesitated, said his appearance was unfit, and tried to apologise; but his new patron, though he respected his feelings. answered that the garb of wretchedness in such a case was an honourable one, and hurried him into the chariot.

[To be continued.]

LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. OSBORN, of New-York, has within a few days announced the publication of a satirical Poem, entitled, "*Fashions Analysis*," or, "*A Winter in Town.*" From a cursory glance at this production, we are inclined to predict favourably as to its reception. It challenges a place in the library of the patriot, who cherrishes the literary fame of his country, and the man of taste, who can praise a homespun work of merit, as cordially as if it were written on the other side of the atlantic.

It is not, at present, in our power, to take such notice of this publication, as the excellence of the subject seems to require. We shall, ere long, transcribe some passages from the volume, as the best recommendation to the work itself.

RAMSAY'S Life of Washington is announced, as in a state of forwardness. It will be comprised in one octavo volume, and printed in a superb style. Those who have seen the M. S. S. do not hesitate to pronounce it, "what would naturally be expected from the author and subject—a work of the most classic elegance." The want of such a work has long been felt. Few readers have had patience to plod through Judge Marshall's prolix volumes; and still smaller the number of those who could afford to purchase them. We now anticipate a remedy to the inconvenience—a volume, written in a masterly style, at a price which every one can pay.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has conferred the title of *Sir*, upon CARR, the traveller.

His Majesty, George III, has settled a pension of two hundred pounds sterling, upon Mr. CAMPBELL, the eminent author of *The Pleasures of Hope.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

[A young lady solicited the authoress to favour her with some original poetry. The request was gratified in these beautiful stanzas.]

For thee, dear girl, I'd wishes form,
That pain and sorrow ne'er were known;
That disappointment's cankering worm,
Were gender'd in the brain alone.

I'd wish that Envy, Hate, and Scorn,
Might no more on our earth appear:
Or, banish'd at thy youthful morn,
Might hie them to some other sphere.

And all the vapours of the earth,
From bog, or brake, or sightless fen,
The glorious sun should scatter forth,
And hills, and vallies, smile again.

I'd ask the fragrant breath of heav'n,
To paint the roses on thy cheek,
And all the dewy stars of ev'n,
To give thine eyes effulgence meek.

The gentleness that marks the dove,
Still in thy gentle breast should dwell,
Nor e'en the potent God of Love,
Should harm it, by his magic spell.

The wisdom which in ancient days
Form'd the bright wreath for Sheba's name,
Thine should transcend, as do the lays
Which spread the Swan of Avon's fame.

I'd call on Plenty to bestow
The treasures of her fruitful horn,
And Health—without whose smile, you know,
All other good excites our scorn.

But counting now the sum of bliss,
Which I would fain that you possest,
The debtor page is simply this—
CONTENT—it balances the rest. *VIOLETTA.*

For the Pastime.

LINES ON DERMODY.

[The following lines, originally published in the New-York Evening Post, are re-published with alterations, by the author.]

Oh stranger! if thou hast a sigh—
A pitying sigh for others woes,
Then linger yet a moment nigh—
For sacred ashes here repose!

Ah! didst thou know what relics sleep
In this dark, cold, sepulchral bed,

Editorial Note.

Mayhap, thou'dst sit, like me, and weep
The wild ey'd Bard of Ennis dead.
And thou would'st bathe the flowers that wave,
Till ev'ry flow'r that bloom'd before,
Should, bending, kiss the sacred grave,
Should bow, and weep, and bloom no more!
Ah! could he touch his harp of song,
His sweet ton'd, warbling, much lov'd lyre,
Whose strains as he would oft prolong,
Would kindle all his soul to fire!
Ah, could he touch—perchance the strain
Would wake a kindred glow in thee,
And even thou a sigh might'st deign,
To frenzied, luckless Dermody!
For now, all hush'd his tuneful lay,
And dimm'd the lightning of his eyes,
And wrapt his pallid form in clay,
In this cold grave the poet lies!
And often shall the village youth
From childish pastime's steal, alone,
To deck with flow'rs this grass green turf,
To twine with wreaths this mossy stone.
And the lone traveller, wand'ring near,
Of many an hour by woe beguil'd,
Shall mourn, with many a silent tear,
The poet, "wonderful and wild."

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Our Albany subscribers are requested to call for their papers, between 12 and 1 o'clock, on the day of publication.

To explain the demand of Fifty Cents from old subscribers, in our last, we inform them that this advance pays for the ensuing session. Thus the deficiency in the last quarter will be made up, by affording the present at half price.

An unintentional mistake occurred in printing "THE APPROACHING THUNDER STORM," (page 40) "*Original Poetry.*" The gentleman who handed it to us, did not know that it was first published in the NORTHERN BUDGET, of Troy; and we take the earliest opportunity to acknowledge and rectify the error.

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